

THE
CONTRIVANCES.

11785 a. 5.
As it is now Acted,
First Mob.
Second Mob.
Third Mob.
Woman Mob.
Boy.
As it is now Acted, in the Theatre, by Miss
Boy, her
SCENE, LONDON.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. DOWSE, opposite Fountain-Court
in the Strand. MDCCLIII.

J H T

Dramatis Personæ.

Argus, Father to *Arethusa*, by Mr. *Collins*.

Hearty, Father to *Rovewell*, by Mr. *Bransby*.

Rovewell, in Love with *Arethusa*, by Mr. *Lowe*.

Robin, Servant to *Rovewell*, by Mr. *Dunstall*.

First Mob.

Second Mob.

Third Mob.

Woman Mob.

Boy.

Arethusa, in Love with *Rovewell*, by Mrs. *Chambers*.

Betty, her Maid, by Mrs. *Pitt*.

SCENE, LONDON.



Printed for J. Dowling, of St. Dunstons Church, Fleet Street, in the Strand.

CONTRIVANCES.

SCENE, *Rovewell's Lodgings.*

Robin Solus.

Rob. **W**ELL! tho' Pimping is the most honourable and profitable of all Professions, it is certainly the most dangerous and fatiguing; but of all Fatigues, there's none like following a virtuous Mistress — There's not one Letter I carry, but I run the Risque of Kicking, Caning, or Pumping; nay, often Hanging — Let me see; I have committed three Burglaries to get one Letter to her — Now if my Master should not get the Gipsy at last, I have ventur'd my sweet Person to a fair Purpose — But, Basta! here comes my Master and his Friend Mr. *Hearty* — I must hasten, and get our Disguises,

And if Dame Fortune fail us now to win her,

Oh! all ye God's above! the Devil's in her. [Exit.

A 2

Enter

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Enter Rovewell and Hearty.

Hear. Why so melancholly, Captain? Come, come, a Man of your Gaiety and Courage shou'd never take a Disappointment so much to Heart.

Rove. 'Sdeath! to be prevented when I had brought my Design so near Perfection!

Hear. Were you less open and daring in your Attempts, you might hope to succeed — The old Gentleman, you know, is cautious to a Degree; his Daughter under a strict Confinement; Would you use more of the Fox than the Lion, Fortune, perhaps, might throw an Opportunity in your Way — But you must have Patience.

Rove. Who can have Patience, when Danger is so near? Read this Letter, and then tell me what Room there is for Patience.

Hearty Reads.

“ To-morrow will prevent all our vain
“ Struggles to get to each other. — I am then
“ to be marry'd, to my eternal Aversion;
“ you know the Fop, 'tis Cuckoo, who having
“ a large Estate, is forc'd upon me; but my
“ Heart can be none but *Rovewell's*: Imme-
“ diately after the Receipt of this, meet
“ Betty at the old Place; there is yet one
“ Invention left, if you pursue it closely, you
“ may perhaps release her, who wou'd be
“ your —

ARETHUSA.

Rove.

: A BALLAD OPERA : 3

Rove. Yes, *Arethusa*, I will release thee, or die in the Attempt. Dear Friend, excuse my Rudeness; you know the Reason.

A I R.

*I'll face ev'ry Danger
To rescue my Dear;
For Fear is a Stranger
Where Love is sincere,*

*Repulses but fire us,
Despair we despise,
If Beauty inspire us
To pant for the Prize.*

[Exit.

Hear. Well, go thy Way, and get her, for thou deserv'st her o' my Conscience. — How have I been deceiv'd in this Boy? I find him the very Reverse of what his Step-mother represented him; and am now sensible it was only her ill Usage that forc'd my Child away — His not having seen me since he was five Years old, renders me a perfect Stranger to him — under that Pretence I have got into his Acquaintance, and find him all I wish — If this Plot of his fails, I believe my Money must buy him the Girl at last. [Exit.

SCENE

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SCENE, *A Chamber in Argus's House.*

Arethusa Sola.

A I R.

*Are. See! the radiant Queen of Night
Sheds on all her kindly Beams;
Gilds the Plains with chearful Light,
And Sparkles in the silver Streams.*

*Smiles adorn the Face of Nature,
Tasteless all Things yet appear,
Unto me a hapless Creature,
In the Absence of my Dear.*

Enter Argus.

*Arg. Pray, Daughter, what Linguo is that same
you chaunt and sputter out at this rate?*

Are. English, Sir.

*Arg. English, Quotha! adod I took it to be
Nonsense.*

Are. 'Tis a Hymn to the Moon.

*Arg. A Hymn to the Moon! I'll have none
of your Hymns in my House——give me the
Book, Housewife.*

*Are. I hope, Sir, there is no Crime in read-
ing a harmless Poem.*

*Arg. Give me the Book, I say; Poems with
a Pox! what are they good for but to blow up
the Fire of Love, and make young Wenches
wanton;—but I have taken Care of you, Mi-
stress! for To-morrow you shall have a Hus-
band to stay your Stomach, and no less a Per-
son than 'Squire Cuckoo.*

Are.

Are. You will not surely be so cruel to marry me to a Man I cannot love.

Arg. Why, what Sort of a Man wou'd you have, Mrs. Minx:

A. I. R.

Are. Genteel in Personage,
Conduct in Equipage,
Noble by Heritage,
Gen'rous and Free.

Brave, not Romantick;
Learn'd, not Pedantick;
Frolick, not Frantick;
This must be He.

Honour Maintaining,
Meanness Disdaining,
Still Entertaining,
Engaging and New:

Neat, but not Pinical;
Sage, but not Cynical;
Never Tyrannical;

But ever true.

Arg. Why is not Mr. Cuckoo all this? add'd he's a brisk young Fellow, and a little Feather-bed Doctrine will soon put the Captain out of your Head; and to put you out of his Power, you shall be given over to the Squire To-morrow.

Are. Surely, Sir, you will at least defer it one Day,

Arg. No, nor one Hour——To-morrow Morning at Eight of the Clock precisely — In the mean Time, take Notice the Squire's Sister is hourly expected; so pray do you be civil and

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and sociable with her, and let me have none of your Pouts and Glouts, as you tender my Displeasure. *[Exit.]*

Are. To-morrow is short Warning; but we may be too cunning for you yet, old Gentleman.

Enter Betty.

Are. O *Betty*! welcome a thousand times! what News? Have you seen the Captain?

Bet. Yes, Madam; and if you were to see him in his new Rigging, you'd split your Sides with Laughing—Such a Hoyden, such a Piece of Country Stuff, you never set your Eyes on—but the Petticoats are soon thrown off, and if good Luck attends us, you may easily conjure Miss *Malkin*, the 'Squire's Sister, into your own dear Captain.

Are. But when will they come?

Bet. Instantly, Madam; he only stays to settle Matters for our Escape. He's in deep Consultation with his Privy-Counsellor *Robin*, who is to attend him in the Quality of a Country Butte—they'll both be here in a Moment; so let's in, and pack up the Jewels, that we may be ready at once to leap into the Saddle of Liberty, and ride full Speed to your Desires.

Are. Dear *Betty*, let's make Haste; I think ev'ry Moment an Age till I'm free from this Bondage.

A I R.

A BALLAD OPERA. 9

A I R.

*When Parents obstinate and cruel prove,
And force us to a Man we cannot love,
'Tis fit we disappoint the sordid Elves,
And wisely get us Husbands for ourselves.*

Bet. There they are — in, in.

[A knocking without.

Argus from above.

Arg. You're woundy hasty, methinks, to knock at that Rate——This is certainly some Courtier come to borrow Money, I know it by the saucy Rapping of the Footman —— Who's at the Door?

Rob. Tummos! [Without Doors.

Arg. Tummos! who's Tummos? Who would you speak with, Friend?

Rob. With young Master's Vather-in-Law that mun be, Master *Hardguts*.

Arg. And what's your Business wth Master *Hardguts*?

Rob. Why young Mistress is come out o' the Country to see Brother's Wife that mun be, that's all.

Arg. Odso, the 'Squire's Sister; I'm sorry I made her wait so long.

[Goes down and lets 'em in.

B

SCENE

to The CONTRIVANCES:

SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Argus introducing Rovewell in *Woman's Cloaths*,
follow'd by Robin as a Clown.

Arg. Save you, fair lady, you're welcome to Town (*Rovewell courtesys*)——a very modest Maiden truly. How long have you been in Town?

Rob. Why an Hour and a Bit, or so—we just put up Horses at *King's-Arms* yonder, and staid a Crum to zee poor Things feed, for your *London* Ostlers give little enough to poor Beasts; and you stond not by 'em your zell, and see 'em fed, as soon as your Back's turn'd, adod they'll cheat you afore your Face.

Arg. Why how now, *Clodpate*? are you to speak before your Mistress, and with your Hat on too? Is that your Country Breeding?

Rob. Why and it's on, it's on, and it's off, it's off—what cares *Tummos*, for your false-hearted *London* Compliments? and you'd have an Answer from young Mistress, you mun look to *Tummos*; for she's so main bashful, she never speaks one Word, but her Prayers, and thos'n so softly, than no Body can hear her.

Arg. I like her the better for that; Silence is a heav'nly Virtue in a Woman, but very rare to be found in this wicked Place — Have you seen your Brother, pretty Lady! since you came to Town? (*Rovewell courtesys*) O miraculous Modesty! wou'd all Women were thus? Can't
you

A BALLAD OPERA. 11

you speak, Madam? [*Rovewell courtesies again.*]

Rob. And you get a Word from her, 'tis more nor she has spoken to us these fourscore and seven long Miles; but young Mistrefs will prate fast enough, and you set her among your Women Volk.

Arg. Say'st thou so, honest Fellow! I'll send her to those that have Tongue enough, I warrant you. Here *Betty*!

Enter Betty.

Take this young Lady to my Daughter; tis 'Squire *Cuckoo*'s Sister; and, d'ye here? make much of her I charge you.

Bet. Yes, Sir—please to follow me, Madam.

Rov. Now you Rogue, for a Lye an Hour and a half long, to keep the old Fellow in Suspence.

[*Ahide to Robin.*]

[*Exit with Betty.*]

Rob. Well, Master! don't you think my Mistrefs a dainty young Woman?—She's wonderfully bemir'd in our Country for her Shapes.

Arg. Oh, she's a fine Creature, indeed! — But where's the 'Squire, honest Friend?

Rob. Why one cannot find a Mon out in this same *Londonshire*, there are so many Taveruns and Chocklin Housen; you may as well seek a Needle in a Hay-sardel, as they Say'n i'the Country.—I was at 'Squire's Lodging yonder, and there was no body but a prate-apace Whorson of a Foot-boy, and he told me Maister

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was at Chocklin-house, and all the while the Vixen did nothing but taunt and laugh at me ; — I cod I cou'd have found in my Heart to have gi'n him a good Wherrit in the Chops. So I went to one Chocklin-house, and t'other Chocklin-house, till I was quite a weary, and I cou'd see nothing but a many People supping hot Suppings, and reading your Gazing Papers : We had much ado to find out your Worship's House ; the vixen Boys set us o'thick Side, and that Side, till we were quite almost lost, and it were not for an honest Fellow that know'd your Worship, and set us i'the right Way.

Arg. It's a pity they shou'd use Strangers so ; but as to your young Mistress, does she never speak ?

Rob. Adod, Sir, never to a Mon ; why she wo-not speak to her own Father, she's so main bashful.

Arg. That's strange, indeed ! But how does my Friend, Sir Roger ? He's well, I hope.

Rob. Hearty still, Sir.—He has drunk down fix Foxhunters sin last *Lammas* ! — He holds his old Course still, twenty Pipes a Day, a Cup of Mum in the Morning, a Tankard of Ale at Noon, and three Bottles of Stingo at Night. The same Mon now he was thirty Years ago, and young 'Squire Redward is just come from Varsity : Lawd, he's mainly grow'd since you saw him : He's a fine proper tall Gentleman now ; why he's near upon as tall as you or I, mun.

Arg.

A BALLAD OPERA. 13

Arg. Good now, good now! But wou'd'st drink, honest Friend?

Rob. I don't care an I do, a Bit or so; for, to say Truth, I'm mortal dry.

Arg. Here, *John*!—

Enter Servant.

Take this honest Fellow down, and make him welcome. When your Mistress is ready to go we'll call you.

Rob. Ay! pray take Care and make much of me, for I am a bitter honest Fellow and you did but know me. [*Exit Robin with Serv.*]

Arg. These Country Fellows are very blunt, but very honest. I wou'd fain hear his Mistress talk. He said she'd find her Tongue when she was amongst those of her own Sex.—I'll go listen for once, and hear what the young Tits have to say to one another. [*Exit.*]

Enter Rowewell, Arethusa, and Betty.

Rowe. Dear *Arethusa*, delay not the Time thus, your Father will certainly come in and surprize us.

Bet. Let's make Hay while the Sun shines, Madam! I long to be out of this Prison.

Are. So do I, but not on the Captain's Conditions, to be his Prisoner for Life.

Rowe. I shall run mad if you trifle thus: Name your Conditions, I sign my Consent before-hand. [*Kisses her.*]

Are.

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Are. Indeed, Captain, I'm afraid to trust you,

A I R.

*Cease to persuade,
Nor say you love sincerely,
When you've betray'd
You'll treat me most severely;
And fly what once you did pursue.*

*Happy the Fair,
Who ne'er believes you,
But gives Despair,
Or else deceives you,
And learns Inconstancy from you.*

Rove. Unkind *Arethusa*! I little expected
this Usage from you.

A I R.

*When did you see
Any Falshood in me,
That thus you unkindly suspect me;
Speak, speak your Mind,
For I fear you're inclin'd,
In Spite of my Truth to reject me.
If't must be so,
To the Wars I will go,
Where Danger my Passion shall smother;
I'd rather perish there
Than linger in Despair,
Or see you in the Arms of another.*

Enter Argus behind.

Arg. So, so, this is as it shou'd be; they
are as gracious as can be already——How the
young *Tit* smuggles her! Adod; she kisses
with a hearty good Will.

Are.

A BALLAD OPERA. 13

you.

Are. I must confess, Captain, I am half inclin'd to believe you.

Arg. Captain! how's this? bless my Eyesight! I know the Villain now; but I'll be even with him.

Bet. Dear Madam, don't trifle so, the Parson's at the very next Door, you'll be tackt together in an Instant, and then I'll trust you to come back to your Cage again, if you can do it with a safe Conscience.

sted

Arg. Here's a treacherous Jade! but I'll do your Business for you, Mrs. Jexabel.

Bet. Consider, Madam, what a Life you lead here; what a jealous, ill-natur'd, watchful, covetous, barbarous, old Cuff of a Father you have to deal with — what a glorious Opportunity this is, and what a sad, sad, very sad Thing it is to die a Maid!

A I R.

Would you live a stale Virgin for ever,

Sure you're out of your Senses,

Or these are Pretences;

Can you part with a Person so clever?

In Troth you are highly to blame

And you, Mr. Lover, to trifle;

I thought that a Soldier,

Was wiser and bolder!

A Warrior should plunder and rifle;

A Captain! — Oh, fye for Shame!

Arg. If that Jade dies a Maid, I'll die a Martyr.

hey
the
fles

re.

Bet.

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Bet. In short, Madam, if you stay much longer you may repent it every Vein in your Heart—the old Hunks will undoubtedly pop in upon us and discover all, and then we're undone for ever.

Arg. You may go to the Devil for ever, Mrs. *Impudence*.

Are. Well, Captain, if you shou'd deceive me

Rov. If I do, may Heav'n!—

Are. Nay, no swearing Captain, for fear you shou'd prove like the rest of your Sex.

Rove. How can you doubt me, *Arethusa* when you know how much I love you?

Arg. A wheedling Dog! But I'll spoil his Sport anon.

Bet. Come, come away, dear Madam! — have the Jewels; but stay, I'll go first and see if the Coast be clear. [*Argus meets her*]

Arg. Where are you going, pretty Maiden

Bet. Only, do—do—do—down Stairs, Sir.

Arg. And what hast thou got there, Child

Bet. Nothing but Pi—Pi—Pi—Pins, Sir.

Arg. Here, give me the Pins, and do you go to Hell Mrs. *Minks*. D'ye hear, out of my House this Moment, These are Chamber Jades, forsooth! — O *Tempora*! O *Mores* what an Age is thi? Get you in, Forsooth I'll talk with you anon. [*Exit Arethusa.*] So Captain, are those your Regimental Cloaths I'll assure you they become you mightily; yo

A BALLAD OPERA 17

you did but see yourself now, how much like a
 Hero you look! *Ecce Signum!* ha! ha! ha! &c.

Rob. Blood and Fury! stop your Grinning,
 or I'll stretch your Mouth with a Vengeance.

Arg. Nay, nay, Captain *Belfwagger*, if you're
 so passionate, it's high Time to call Aid and
 Assistance! Here *Richard*, *Thomas*, *John*, help
 me to lay hold on this Fellow; you have no
 Sword now, Captain, no Sword, d'ye mark me?

Enter Servants and Robin.

Rob. But I have a Pistol, Sir, at your Service.

[*Pulls out a Pistol.*]

Arg. O Lord! O Lord!

Rob. And I'll unload it in your Breast, if you
 stir one Step after me. [Exit.]

Arg. A bloody-minded Dog! But lay hold
 on that Rogue there, that Country Cheat.

Rob. See here, Gentlemen, are two little Bull-
 dogs of the same Breed [*Presenting two Pistols*]
 they are wonderful Scourers of the Brain; —
 so that if you offer to molest or follow me—
 you understand me, Gentlemen, you under-
 stand me. [Exit.]

1st Ser. Yes, yes, we understand you with a
 Pox.

2d Ser. The Devil go with 'em, I say.

Arg. Ay, ay, good bye to you, in the Devil's
 Name.—A terrible Dog! what a Fright he
 has put me in?—I shan't be myself this Month;
 and you, ye cowardly Rascals, to stand by and

C

see

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see my Life in Danger ; get out, ye Slaves, out of my House, I say—I'll put an End to all this ; for I'll not have a Servant in the House.—I'll carry all the Keys in my Pocket, and never sleep more. What a murdering Son of a Whore is this ! But I'll prevent him ; for To-morrow she shall be marry'd certainly, and then my furious Gentlemen can have no Hopes left.—A Jezabel, to love a Red-coat without any Money ! — Had he but Money, if he wanted Sense, Manners, or even Manhood itself, it matter'd not a Pin ;——but to want Money is the Devil !—Well, I'll secure her under Lock and Key till To-morrow ; and if her Husband can't keep her from Captain-Hunting, e'en let her bring him home a fresh Pair of Horns ev'ry Time she goes out upon the Chace. [Exit.

S C E N E, A Chamber.

Arethusa discover'd sitting melancholly on a Couch.

A I R.

O leave me to complain

My Loss of Liberty ;

I never more shall see my Swain,

Or ever more be free.

O cruel, cruel Fate !

What Joy can I receive,

When in the Arms of one I hate,

I'm doom'd, alas ! to live.

*Ye pitying Pow'rs above,
That see my Soul's Dismay;
O! bring me back the Man I love,
Or take my Life away.*

Enter Argus.

Arg. So, Lady! you're welcome home!—
See how the pretty Turtle sits moaning the
Loss of her Mate!—What, not a Word, *Thusy*?
not a Word, Child? Come, come, don't be in
the Dumps now, and I'll fetch the Captain, or
the 'Squire's Sister, perhaps they may make it
prattle a bit—Ah! ungracious Girl! is all my
Care come to this? Is this the Gratitude you
shew your Uncle's Memory, to throw away
what he bustled so hard for at so mad a Rate?
Did he leave you 12,000 l. think you, to make
you no better than a Soldier's Trull, to follow
a Camp? To carry a Knapfack? This is what
you'd have, Mistress, is it not?

Are. This, and ten Thousand Times worse,
were better with the Man I love, than to be
chain'd to the nauseous Embraces of one I hate.

Arg. A very dutiful Lady indeed! I'll make
you sing another Song, To-morrow; and till
then, I'll leave you in *Sakva Custodia* to consi-
der.—By'e *Thusy*!

Are. How barbarous is the Covetousness
and Caution of ill-natur'd Parents? They toil
for Estates with a View to make Posterity hap-
py, and then, by mistaken Prudence, they

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match us to our Aversion ; but I am resolved
not to suffer tamely, however : — They shall see,
tho' my Body's weak, my Resolution's strong ;
and I may yet find Spirit enough to plague them.

A I R.

*Sooner than I'll my Love forego,
And lose the Man I prize,
I'll bravely combat ev'ry Woe,
Or fall a Sacrifice.*

*Nor Bolts, nor Bars, shall me controul,
I Death and Danger dare ;
Restraint but fires the active Soul,
And urges fierce Despair.*

*The Window now shall be my Gate,
I'll either fall or fly ;
Before I'll live with him I hate,
For him I love I'll die.*

[Exit.]

SCENE, the Street.

Heartwell and Rowewell meeting.

Rove. So, my dear Friend, here already ! —
This is kind.

Heart. Sure, Captain, this Lady must have
some extraordinary Merit, for whom you under-
take such Difficulties ! What are her particular
Charms, besides her Money ?

Rov. I'll tell you, Sir,

A I R.

A BALLAD OPERA. 21

A I R.

The Words by another Hand.

*Without Affectation, Gay, Youthful, and Pretty;
Without Pride and Meanness, Familiar and Witty;
Without Forms obliging, Good-natur'd and Free;
Without Art as lovely, as lovely can be.*

*She acts what she thinks, and she thinks what she says,
Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise.*

*Her Thoughts and her Words, and her Actions are such,
That none can admire 'em, or praise her too much.*

Heart. Well, Success attend you.—You
now where to find me, when there's Occa-
on? [Exit.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, Sir! I want to speak with you.

[Whispers Rovewell.

Rove. Is your Mistress lock'd up, say you?

Boy. Yes, Sir, and Betty's turn'd away, and
all the Men Servants; and there's no living
soul in the House but our old Cook-maid, and
and my Master, and Mrs. Thusy; and she
cries, and cries, her Eyes out almost.

Rove. O! the tormenting News! But if the
Garrison is so weak, the Castle may be the
sooner storm'd. How did you get out?

Boy. Thro' the Kitchen Window, Sir.

Rove. Shew me the Window presently.

Boy. A-lack-a-day, it won't do, Sir! That
plot won't take!

Rove.

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Rove. Why, Sirrah?

Boy. You are something too big, Sir.

Rove. I'll try that, however.

Boy. Indeed, Sir, you can't get your Leg in, but I cou'd put you in a Way.

Rove. How, dear Boy?

Boy. I can lend you the Key of Mrs. *Thufy's* Chamber—If you can contrive to get into the House——But you must be sure to let my Mistress out.

Rove. How cou'd'st thou get it? This is almost a Miracle.

Boy. I pick'd it out of my Master's Coat-Pocket this Morning, Sir, as I was brushing him.

Rove. That's my Boy! there's Money for you: This Child will come to Good in Time.

Boy. My Master will miss me, Sir, I must go; but I wish you good Luck. [*Exit.*]

A I R.

Arethusa at the Window above.

A Dialogue between her and *Rove*well.

Rov. Make haste and away, my only Dear;

Make haste, and away, away!

For 'all at the Gate,

Your true Lover does wait.

And I prithee make no Delay.

Rove.

Are.

Are. *O how shall I steal away, my Love!*

O how shall I steal away!

My Daddy is near,

And I dare not for fear,

Pray come then another Day.

Rove. *O this is the only Day, my Life,*

O this is the only Day,

I'll draw him aside,

While you throw the Gates wide,

And then you may steal away.

Are. *Then prithee make no Delay, my Dear,*

Then prithee make no Delay;

We'll serve him a Trick,

For I'll slip in the Nick,

And with my true Love away.

C H O R U S.

O Cupid, befriend a loving Pair,

O Cupid, befriend us, we pray,

May our Stratagem take,

For thine own sweet Sake,

And, Amen! let all true Lovers say.

[Arethusa withdraws.]

Enter Robin as a Lawyer, and Soldiers.

Rob. So, my Hearts of Oak, are you all ready?

Sold. Yes, an't please your Honour.

Rove. You know your Cue then—to your post.
[They retire to a Corner of the Stage; he knocks smartly at the Door.]

Rob. What, are you all asleep, or dead in the House, that you can't hear?

[Argus holding the Door in his Hand.]

Arg.

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Arg. Sir! you are very hasty, methinks—

Rob. Sir! My Business requires Haste.

Arg. Sir! you had better make Haste about it, for I know no Business you have here.

Rob. Sir, I am come to talk with you about an Affair of Consequence.

Arg. Sir, I don't love talking; I know you not, and consequently can have no Affairs with you.

Rob. Sir! Not know me.

Arg. Sir! it's enough for me to know myself.

Rob. A damn'd thwarting old Dog this same

Sir, I live but in the next Street. [*Aside*]

Arg. Sir! if you liv'd at Jamaica 'tis the same Thing to me. [*To him*]

Rob. [*Aside*.] I find coaxing won't do, must change my Note, or I shall never unkenel this old Fox— [*To him*.] Well, Mr. *Argu* there's no Harm done, so take your Leave of 3000 *l.* you have enough of your own already

Arg. How! 3000 *l.* I must enquire into this. [*Aside*.] Sir! a Word with you. [*Going*]

Rob. Sir! I have nothing to say to you, took you to be a prudent Person, that knew the Worth of Money, and how to improve it, but I find I'm deceiv'd.

Arg. Sir, I hope you'll excuse my Rudeness; but, you know, a Man cannot be too cautious.

Rob. Sir, that's true, and therefore I excuse you, but I'd take such Treatment from no Man in *England* besides yourself.

Arg. Sir, I beg your Pardon; but to the Business.

Rob. Why thus it is: A Spend-thrift young Fellow, is galloping thro' a plentiful Fortune; I have lent 2000 *l.* upon it already, and if you'll advance an Equivalent, we'll foreclose the whole Estate, and share it between us; for I know he can never redeem it.

Arg. A very civil judicious Man; I'm sorry I affronted him (*Aside.*) But how is this to be done?

Rob. Very easily, Sir — A Word in your Ear; a little more this Way.

[*Draws him aside, the Soldiers get between him and the Door.*]

Arg. But the Title, Sir, the Title.

Rob. Do you doubt my Veracity?

Arg. Not in the least, Sir; but one cannot be too sure.

Rob. That's very true, Sir; and therefore I'll make sure of you now I have you.

[*Robin trips up his Heels; the Soldiers blindfold and gag him, and stand over him while Rowewell carries Arethusa off;*
D *after*

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after which they leave him, he making a great Noise.

Enter Mob.

All. What's the Matter? What's the Matter?
[*They ungag him, &c.*]

Arg. O Neighbours, I'm robb'd and murder'd, ruin'd and undone for ever.

1st Mob. Why, What's the Matter, Master?

Arg. There's a whole Legion of Thieves in my House; they gagg'd and blindfolded me, and offer'd forty naked Swords at my Breast—I beg of you assist me, or they'll strip the house in a Minute.

2d Mob. Forty drawn Swords, say you, Sir?

Arg. Ay, and more I think on my Conscience.

2d Mob. Then look you, Sir, I'm a marry'd Man, and have a large Family, I wou'd not venture amongst such a Parcel of Blood-thirsty Rogues for the World; but if you please, I'll run and call a Constable.

All. Ay, Ay, call a Constable, call a Constable.

Arg. I shan't have a Penny left, if we stay for a Constable—I am but one Man, and as old as I am, I'll lead the Way, if you'll follow me.

[*Goes in.*]

All. Ay, ay, in, in, follow, follow, Huzza!

1st Mob. Prithee Jack, do you go in, if you come to that.

3d Mob.

3d Mob. I go in! what shou'd I go in for?
I have lost nothing.

Wom. What, no body to help the poor old Gentleman; odds bobs! if I was a Man, I'd follow him myself.

3d Mob. Why don't you then? What occasionableness have I to be kill'd for him, or you either.

Enter Robin as Constable.

All. Here's Mr. Constable, here's Mr. Constable.

Rob. Silence, in the King's Name.

All. Ay, Silence, Silence.

Rob. What's the Meaning of this Riot?
Who makes all this Disturbance!

1st Mob. I'll tell you, Mr. Constable.

3d Mob. And't please your Worship, let me speak.

Rob. Ay, this Man talks like a Man of Parts—What's the Matter, Friend?

3d Mob. And't please your noble Worship's Honour and Glory, we are his Majesty's liege Subjects, and were terrify'd out of our Habitations and Dwelling-places by a Cry from abroad, which your noble Worship must understand was occasionable by the Gentleman of this House, who was so unfortunate as to be kill'd by Thieves, who are now in his House, to the Numberation of above forty,
D 2 and't

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and't please your Worship, all compleatly arm'd with Powder and Ball, Back-swords, Pistols, Bayonets, and Blunderbuffes.

Rob. But what is to be done in this Case?

3d Mob. Why an please your Worship, knowing your noble Honour to be the King's Majesty's noble Officer of the Peace, we thought 'twas best your Honour should come and terrify these Rogues away with your noble Authority,

Rob. Well said, very well said, indeed! — Gentlemen, I am the King's Officer, and I command you, in the King's Name, to aid and assist me to call those Rogues out of the House — Who's within there? I charge you come out in the King's Name, and submit yourselves to our Royal Authority.

Argus from the House.

2d Mob. This is the Gentleman that was kill'd, and't please your Worship.

Arg. O! Neighbours! I'm ruin'd and undone for ever! They have taken away all that's dear to me in the World.

1st Mob. That's his Money; 'tis a sad covetous Dog.

Rob. Why what's the Matter? What have they done?

Arg. O! they have taken my Child from me, my *Tbusy*.

Rob.

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Rob. Good lack !

3d Mob. Marry come up, what Valuation
in she be—But have they taken nothing else?

Arg. Wou'd they had stript my House of
v'ry Pennyworth, so they had left my Child.

1st Mob. That's a Lye, I believe ; for he loves
his Money more than his Soul, and wou'd
oner part with that than a Groat.

Arg. This is the Captain's Doings ; but I'll
ave him hang'd.

Rob. But where are the Thieves ?

Arg. Gone, gone, beyond all Hopes of Pur-
suit.

2d Mob. What ! are they gone then !—Come
Neighbours, let us go in, and kill every Mo-
ner's Child of 'em.

Rob. Hold, I charge you commit no Mur-
der ; follow me, and we'll apprehend 'em.

Arg. Go Villains, Cowards, Scoundrels, or
shall suspect you are the Thieves that mean
to rob me of what yet is left. How brave you
re, now all the Danger's over ? Oh ! Sirrah,
you Dog ! (*Looking at Robin*) you are that
ogue *Robin*, the Captain's Man, seize him
Neighbours ! seize him !

Rob. (*aside.*) I don't care what you do, for
the Jobb's over, I see my Master a coming.

Arg. Why don't you seize him, I say ?

1st Mob. Not we, we have lost too much
Time about an old Fool already.

2d Mob.

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2d Mob. Ay, the next Time you're bound and gagg'd, you shall lie and be damn'd for me

3d Mob. Ay, and me too; come along Neighbours, come along. [Exeunt Mob]

Enter Rovewell, Hearty, Arethusa, Betty and Robin.

Arg. Bless me! who have we got here O *Thusy*! *Thusy*! I had rather never have seen thee again, than have found you in such Company.

Are. Sir, I hope my Husband's Company is not criminal?

Arg. Your Husband? Who's your husband? Husbwife? that Scoundrel, Captain—out of my Sight thou ungracious Wretch! I'll go make my Will this Instant — and you, you Villain how dare you to look me in the face after this—I'll have you hang'd, Sirrah! I will so

Hear. O fye Brother *Argus*, moderate your Passion. It ill becomes the friendship you owe *Ned Worthy*, to villify and affront his only Child, and for no other Crime than improving that Friendship which has ever been between us.

Arg. Ha! my dear Friend alive! I heard thou wer't dead in the *Indies* — and is that thy Son? and my Godson too, if I am not mistaken.

Hear

Hear. The very same—the last and best remains of our Family, forc'd by my Wife's cruelty, and my Absence, to the Army. My Wife is since dead, and the Son she had by her former Husband, whom she intended heir my Estate; but Fortune guided me by chance to my dear Boy, who after twenty years Absence, and changing my Name, knew me not, till I just now discover'd myself to him and your fair Daughter, whom I will make him deserve by thirty thousand pound, which I brought from *India*, besides that real Estate I may leave him at my Death.

Arg. And to match that, old Boy! my Daughter shall have every Penny of mine, besides her Uncle's Legacy. Ah! you young rogue! had I known you, I wou'd not have us'd you so roughly—however, since you have won my girl so bravely, take her, and welcome—but you must excuse all Faults—the good Man meant all for the best; you must not be angry.

Rove. Sir, on the contrary, we ought to beg your Pardon for the many Disquiets we have given you; and with your Pardon, we have your Blessing. [*They kneel.*]

Arg. You have it Children, with all my heart. Adod, I am so transported, I don't know whether I walk or fly.

Are. May your Joy be everlasting.

Rove.

32 **THE CONTRIVANCES;**

Rovewell and Arethusa Embracing,

D U E T T O.

Thus fondly careffing,

My Idol, my Treasure,

How great is the Blessing!

How sweet is the Pleasure!

With Joy I behold thee,

And doat on thy Charms,

Thus while I enfold thee,

I've Heav'n in my Arms.

The End of the OPERA.

N. B. All the Songs in this *Opera* were set
to Musick by the Author.



E I N I S.

Rovewell

re. fe